

# AIR, DIRT & INK

A Boring Communications Publication

Vol 1, Issue 4

January-February 1988

## NATIONAL & INTERNATIONAL NEWS:

"1 9 8 7 HEADLINES IN REVIEW"

[ed. note: ADI would like to remember the news headlines of 1987 with the words of the Sheldon Harnick song: "Merry Minuet" (which was published in 1960, we've come a long way kids!!!)]

They are rioting in Africa/they're starving in Spain/there are hurricanes in Florida/and Texas needs rain. The whole world is festering with unhappy souls/The French hate the Germans/the Germans hate the Poles/Italians hate Yugoslavs/South Africans hate the Dutch/and we don't like anybody very much. But we can be tranquil and thankful and proud/man's been endowed with a mushroom shaped cloud. And we know for certain that some lovely day/someone will set the spark off/and we will all be blown away. They are rioting in Africa/there's strife in Iran/what Nature doesn't do to us/will be done by our fellow man. [ADI]

"STOCKMARKET 'ADJUSTS'"

BOOM! AGAIN. [ADI]

"RATHER CAUGHT BEATING AROUND THE BUSH"

An angered George Bush took exception to how CBS Anchorman, Dan Rather was conducting his "political profile" interview of the Republican Presidential candidate during the January 25th broadcast of the "CBS Evening News".

When Rather continued to ask Bush accusing questions with regards to his involvement in the Iran-Contra Scandal, the Vice President made a personal slap of his own. Referring to an incident last September when the anchorman walked off the set of the "CBS Evening News," upset over having his news broadcast cut short by the network's coverage of a tennis match, and leaving the network with several minutes of embarrassing dead air time, Bush demanded, "It's not fair to judge my whole career by a rehash on Iran. How would you like it if I judged your career by those seven minutes when you walked off the set in New York? Would you like that?"

"Mr. Vice President," Rather said, "I think you will agree that your qualifications for President and what kind of leadership you'd bring the country and what kind of government you'd have . . . is much more important than what you just referred to. . . ."

Bush's political advisers were delighted that, if anything, the incident gave the Presidential candidate a chance to beat back the image that he is a wimp.

A spokesman for the "CBS Evening News," Donna Dees had no estimates of the number of calls that had poured into CBS headquarters in New York following the incident, but she said a sampling of some of the them indicated that "some people think we ambushed the vice president."

Information regarding when Rather would be ambushing the other presidential candidates was not available at press time. [ADI]



**AIR, DIRT & INK** "Airing opinions, kicking up Dirt and wasting a lot of ink!!!"

A Boring Communications publication (a division of Last Minute Production).

Vol. 1, Issue 4 Jan-Feb 1988

Pub/Editor: Joseph Bustillos

Financial Guru: Gibran X

National/International correspondent: very vacant

Fitness correspondent: Will Peabody

Entertainment correspondent: guess what . . . still vacant

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**THE PUBLISHER'S DRIBBLE**

ADI sports a semi-new look and features a number of guest writers! Besides a bizarre look at the news (meticulously culled from a month's worth of LA Times copy that is threatening to take over my apartment if I don't toss the piles out), ADI takes an in-depth look at love (this being a Valentine's Day Issue and all). Geraldo Rivera, eat your heart out!

I know that in the last issue I wrote that I wouldn't be mailing this issue to non-subscribers, but I changed my mind. I decided to send this one out to the whole mailing list for two reasons.

As an editor and writer I am really proud of the copy that my little cadre of writers has put together. Sending it out to the pitiful handful of subscribers (not that the subscribers were pitiful, just the numbers) would have done little for my desire to see it in the hands of the greatest number of people.

The second reason is that this is going to be the last issue of Air, Dirt & Ink. Though I have tentative plans for a July 4<sup>th</sup> issue, I told one of my writers that I have "more important writing" that I have been meaning to get to, like this crossword puzzle that I'm staring at. Actually it's the almighty dollar bill that has spelled the end of this literary endeavor. This publication was really geared for a college-type audience as an underground alternative to the lifeless dribble that most (DRIBBLE cont. on page 23)



## "CRYONICS CLIENT LOSES HER HEAD"

[The Associated Press, 01/08/88] Riverside, CA. Authorities trying to determine if an 83-year-old woman was dead when her head was removed and frozen for possible future revival questioned six people and searched a lab but failed to find the head.

"No one is saying where the head is being kept," said Riverside County Deputy Coroner Mike Oare said today.

The coroner's office launched an investigation of the Dec. 11 death of Dora Kent when officials learned her head was removed at the Alcor Life Extension Foundation lab without a doctor present to pronounce her dead.

Alcor practices cryonics, the practice of freezing human remains in hopes medical technology will someday advance to the point they can be revived.

The six people arrested, including the president of Alcor, were questioned at the Riverside police station Thursday and later released, said Dan Cupido, a supervising deputy coroner.

Alcor officials refused

to disclose where the head was being stored, said Scott Hill, chief deputy coroner.

The coroner's deputies seized documents, videotapes, charts and slides during the search.

Cupido said it appeared the people at the cryonics facility were packing files for shipment. "So there is some suspicion they were getting ready to move," he said.

The woman's son, Saul Kent, 48, a member of Alcor, has said he chose to have her head frozen because she had severe arthritis and he hoped the rest of her body could be replaced someday.

Mrs. Kent was terminally ill, suffering from a degenerative brain disease, and an autopsy determined she had pneumonia when she died. The question is whether the woman was clinically dead when her head was removed.

Alcor reportedly has frozen several heads and one full body at the facility.

Alcor's attorney, Christopher Leanders, said media attention  
(HEAD cont on page 17)

## "ITT CHIEFS FORGOT ABOUT THE SUPER BOWL"

[Greg Johnson, LA Times Staff Writer 01/26/88] San Diego, CA. ITT Corp.'s Defense Communications Division here always holds its annual meeting during the last week in January. And, because ITT also owns the Sheraton Hotel chain, the meeting is always held at one of Sheraton's two hotels on Harbor Island.

This year, the last week in January turned out to be Super Bowl week.

But the ITT division plans to hold its meeting---even though it will be the only non-Super Bowl event to be staged at either Sheraton hotel during the entire week.

"We made a tactical error," ITT spokesman Bernie Wagner said Monday. "I hope we'll be able to find parking spaces out there on Thursday."

Only a handful of non-football meetings are scheduled in San Diego this week, according to Convention & Visitors Bureau. And all of those meetings will end by Thursday night.

(SUPER BOWL cont. on page 5)

## **SPECIAL CHILDREN'S SECTION:**

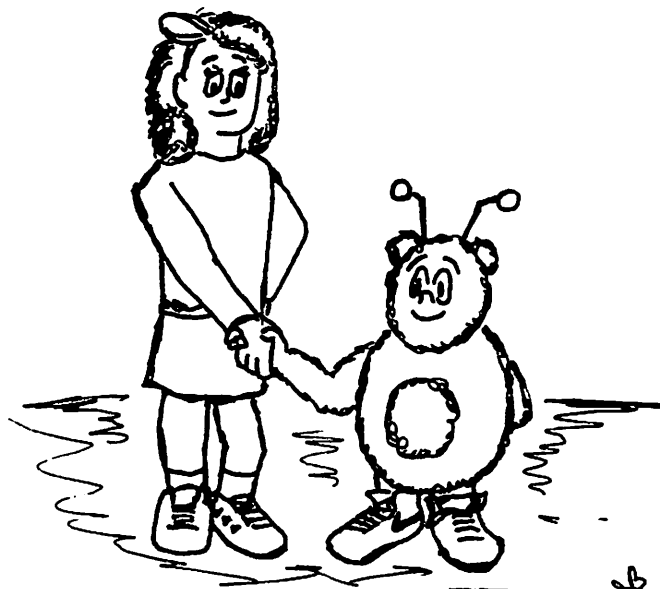
### **"The Adventures of Millisa"**

by Lisa Eggers  
with Joe Bustillos

*[ed. note: Ten-year-old writer, Lisa Eggers makes her debut in ADI with the exciting tale of Millisa and her journey from dreary Sacramento to beautiful Adventureland. Is Deukmejian listening?]*

Once upon a time there was a little seven-year-old girl named Millisa. She lived in Sacramento. She had brown curly hair and she wore a pretty blue dress with a bow around it. She had a blue bow in her hair. Her parents were named Bob and Nicole, but they don't come in the story that much.

The one thing that worried Millisa's parents was that she always had these weird dreams about these weird places. One place that Millisa had heard about was Adventureland. The people in her dreams said that it was a beautiful place, but that it had dangerous creatures living there. Adventureland was different from Sacramento. Sacramento was always hazy but Adventureland had bright colors. Millisa always wanted to go to Adventureland but she didn't know how to get there. So let's get on with the story.



**"Millisa Meets Bog"**

One day after school Millisa was walking down the street and when she turned around a corner and she suddenly bumped into the concrete wall of a big building. She fell down and fell into a deep sleep. When she thought that she was awake she rubbed her eyes and saw a lovely sight.

There were stately trees bearing rich luscious fruits. Beds of beautiful flowers everywhere and lots of birds flying by. A little way off was a small brook and sparkling water rushing by. She was admiring the beautiful sights and thought that she must be in Adventureland. So she thought to be extra careful about the creatures that the people in her dreams had warned her about.

But then suddenly there was a rumble in the bushes. Somebody was peeking at her. And she wondered if it was a human or a creature. But before she could figure it out a creature jump out. Millisa was afraid but she thought it was cute. It had brown fur all over with a little white spot on it's belly. It looked like a fur ball with a white button on it, a little fur ball. Then it said, "Hello my name is Bog. What's your name?"  
(MILLISA continued on page 5)



(MILLISA continued from page 4)

"My name is Millisa," a scared Millisa said.

Bog wasn't scared of Millisa 'cause Bog was brave and wanted to be a warrior. So she wasn't scared anymore.

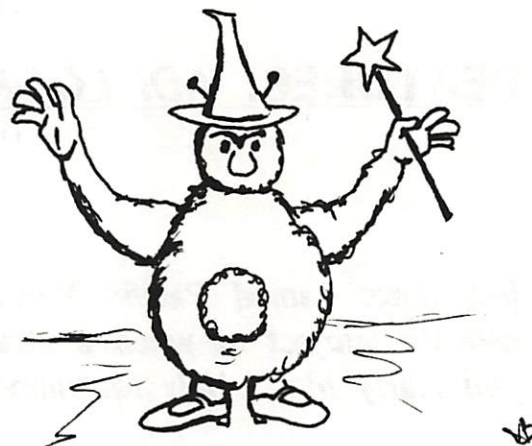
"Where are you from?" asked Bog.

"I'm from Sacramento. Where are you from?" asked Millisa.

"I'm from Bog City," said Bog. "Will you help me destroy the Witch Bogest?" asked Bog.

"Who is she or he?" asked Millisa.

"She, the Bogest Witch, was once a happy bogest, which are girl bogs," said Bog. "But then, when she was 10 years-old she became stingy and selfish, because she thought that her family and the townsbogs and bogests were being unfair to her. And now she goes around with her blue star wand and destroys bogs." And then Bog said sadly, "She destroyed my whole family."



"The Bogest Witch"

"Oh," said Millisa terrified. "She sounds awful."

"She is," said Bog. "Will you help me?"

"Sure," said Millisa, "only if I get to stay here as long as I want and then go back to my house when we're done."

"Okay," said Bog. The adventure begins! To be continued . . .

[ed. note: Boring Comm. will do it's best to see that the next installments of "The Adventures of Millisa" reaches its audience, with or without ADI] [ADI]

X X X

(SUPER BOWL continued from page 3)

The NFL only recently told some of San Diego's premier hotels that some of the reserved meeting and banquet facilities would not be needed during the coming week. That announcement opened up a few meeting-room vacancies at the Sheraton Grand and Sheraton Harbor Island hotels, according to Sheraton spokeswoman Nancy Eckis.

ITT grabbed the empty Sheraton meeting room because of simple logistics, Wagner said. "We forgot to notice that it would be the Super Bowl week. The only real trouble was finding hotel rooms [for the corporate president] but we solved that."

Arthur Levey, director of sales at the Bahia Resort Hotel on Mission Bay, learned on Monday that some of his rooms will house the cheerleaders for the Washington Redskins.

"We'll have 40 or so beautiful scantily clad cuties who will be practicing every morning [outside the hotel]," Levey said. "That could be distracting for anyone who wants to hold a business meeting."

[ed. note: ITT could not be reached at press time to deny or confirm the rumor of their plans to switch their reservations to the Bahia Resort Hotel]. [ADI]



## **FEATURES: ADI LOOKS AT LOVE:**

### **"A Divine Romance"**

by Sandi Albertsen

***[ed. note: Famed Pacific Northwest Trombone player, Sandi Albertsen addresses the delicate subject of when a stranger on the phone announces that it's God's will that you marry him. Holy Matrimony, Batman!]***

One afternoon two years ago I was sitting in my Seattle bedroom/office, doing whatever Christian music business consultants do, when the phone rang. It was James, a Tennessee musician who wanted me to help him land that God-ordained record contract that would launch his music ministry.

James often felt "led" to call after that. I'd listen politely (I liked his accent, and after all, it was his dime). We became passing friends. He always had some miracle to relate: God had opened this door, given that prophecy, etc. I'd react noncommittally, but he apparently didn't get the hint. One day he told me that God had shown him we would have a significant working relationship. My initial reaction was negative, but then I doubted my doubts. James was so convincing. Who was I to see into Divine Will? I traffic primarily in shades of grey; James seemed to

have a FAX line to heaven.

The confusion trebled when he one day called to announce that it was also God's will for us to be married. Finding me, he explained, was the answer to years of prayer and prophetic visions, and his church backed him on the idea.

Today I can see how my lack of self-respect was what made me try to stay open-minded at that point. Maybe, I thought, I was spiritually deaf; if I couldn't prove God was "showing me" the same thing, I couldn't disprove it either. Meanwhile, James announced that he'd drive up soon to spend a week courting me, helping me get into this divine romance.

I spent days in the Cascades, sitting beside still water, waiting for some sign like an arrow from this curious Cupid In the Sky. But all I noticed was wind sighing through evergreen boughs, and the song of

birds content with their simple lives. I pondered. James knew me from phone calls and the picture on my brochure. I mean, it was a good picture, but he hadn't asked any of the questions I considered mandatory like: what were my dreams, my fears, was Kierkegaard a saint or a charlatan, did I like sushi? I realized that I doubted he'd understand the questions, let alone the answers, and I was ashamed.

To fight such prejudgment I'd stare at his promotional photo, trying to see beyond the dated haircut and corny poses and---God help me---the Famolares [ed. note, mid-seventies dork shoes, Kmart topsiders with huge crepe souls, ugh!]. His face was rather pleasant, except for the coat-hook nose. He held his guitar with the tenderness of a father and the respect of a pupil, and he seemed to be gazing at (ROMANCE continued on page 7)



(ROMANCE continued from page 6)

something on the horizon he knew would eventually come to him. A good man, a Christian, a musician. I could do worse. Besides, I reasoned, who am I to be so picky? Maybe this fanatically simplistic "spiritual giant" would be the best remedy for my analytical melancholia.

Yes. The problem had to be that I was either too romantically idealistic or not "spiritual" enough to see the logic in this divine romance. Maybe I'm steeling myself against love, and that's why I can't get into this. . .

It was a crackling September morning when I waited in my little red road-hugger in the MacDonald's parking lot watching James try to weave his Fairlane through the intersection to our first meeting. There was something symbolic in the way I winched as he plodded through traffic. It set a pattern for the week.

First, it was in conversation. I was a congregation of one; James could preach but couldn't say much. His sermonettes gave plenty of answers, but I balked inside. What about the questions, for God's sake? I don't want to study for a damn final, I want to be challenged to grow into this supposed divine romance! But I couldn't bring myself to say that.

Next it was his musicianship. I was embarrassed for him when he'd perform for a small crowd, oblivious to their fidgeting and boredom. If I can't respect him musically, how can I spend my life promoting him?

Finally, the week was over and I knew the grey had darkened enough to become an answer. I led him into Flakey Jake's and gently, imploringly, explained that God had shown me that it would be better to stay single for life than to marry

the wrong person. I wanted to pillow his head when it hit the concrete. I wanted him to find some nice young southern girl, maybe someone from his church choir. But I couldn't say that either.

He ducked his head. "I'll wait five years if I have to. You're a good woman." Sighing, the earnest brown eyes gazed at me across the table. "But I do think you need to get alone with God for a weekend.

---

*"James knew me from phone calls and the picture on my brochure. I mean, it was a good picture, but he hadn't asked any of the questions I considered mandatory like: what were my dreams, my fears, was Kierkegaard a saint or a charlatan, did I like sushi?"*

---

Fetch up to a mountain cabin and fast and ask the Lord to reveal His Will to you. 'Cause I know he'll do it, if you'll just let Him."

I smiled and attacked my burger.

His next letter contained gas money for getting to "the cabin." I sent it back explaining that I'd have to fast a dangerously long time to hallucinate like that and, by the way, could he stop phoning for a while?

He kept writing, of course. After the first six months the letters (ROMANCE continued on page 17)



# "Hitler's Guide To Good Sex"

by Joe Hinojosa

*[ed. note: In an ADI exclusive interview, Joe Hinojosa, noted Christian Apologist and gun-freak, talks to the former German dictator, Adolf Hitler, at his Brazilian retreat about his attitude regarding the relations between the sexes in our present Post-Sexual Revolution era. Some important Geraldo Rivera stuff here!]*

Q: What is your opinion of Women?

A: The woman, whose psychic state is determined less by grounds of abstract reason than by an indefinable emotional longing for a force which will complement her nature, and who, consequently, would rather bow to a strong man than dominate a weakling . . . Likewise the masses love a commander more than a petitioner. . . . The psyche of the great masses is not receptive to anything that is half-hearted and weak.<sup>1</sup>

Q: In your opinion, when is the best time to go out on a date?

A: Time itself exerts a definite effect, . . . . At night, however, they succumb more easily to the dominating force of a stronger will. The same purpose, after all, is served by the artificially made and yet mysterious twilight in Catholic churches, the burning lamps, incense, censers, etc.

Q: What do you think about the aerobics craze for "hard bodies"?

A: We must exploit ambition and, we may as well calmly admit it, vanity as well. Not vanity about the fine clothes which everyone cannot buy, but vanity about a beautiful, well-formed body which everyone can help to build. If physical beauty were today not forced entirely into the background by our foppish fashions, the seduction of hundreds of

thousands of girls by bow-legged, repulsive Jewish bastards would not be possible . . . . The most beautiful bodies should find one another, and so help to give the nation new beauty.

Q: What is your view of children?

A: The folkish state . . . must declare the child to be the most precious treasure of the people. It must see to it that only the healthy beget children: that there is only one disgrace: despite one's own sickness and deficiencies, to bring children into the world and one highest honor: to renounce doing so. The state . . . must declare unfit for propagation all who are in anyway visibly sick or who have inherited a disease and can therefore pass it on, and put this into actual practice.

Those who are physically and mentally unhealthy and unworthy must not perpetuate their suffering in the body of their children. A prevention of the faculty and opportunity to procreate on the part of the physically degenerate and mentally sick, over a period of only 600 years, would not only free humanity from an immeasurable misfortune, but would lead to a recovery which today seems scarcely conceivable.

Q: zzzzz [interviewer has fallen asleep at this point]

(HITLER continued on page 17)

<sup>1</sup>ed. note: All quotations are taken from Adolf Hitler's Mein Kampf. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company, 1925.

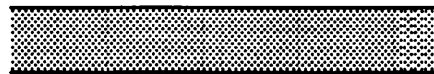
# **"Time Heals All Wounds' And Other Useless Truths"**

by Pauline Cendejas

Parents and concerned friends are famous for useless truths. "Time does "heal all wounds," "better days are coming" and "things could be worse" but none of these words ease a person's suffering. Sometimes a person with a broken heart or lost job or whatever bad fate has befallen them just needs a little company. "Misery loves company." Sometimes we don't want to hear the positive remarks such as, "Well, honey, it was their loss!" or "Losing your vice-presidency after 15 years was a blessing in disguise!" Why not say, "You were dumped!" or "How in the world are you going to find a job now, at your age!" Let them wallow in a little self-pity.

I recently had my heart broken. No, let me re-phrase that, it wasn't just broken, it was abused, mutilated, strangled, shattered. It was stepped on, run over, beaten and mangled. (Get the picture?) I was devastated! I couldn't eat or sleep. I was sure, beyond the shadow of a doubt, that I would never, as long as I miserably lived, be happy again.

Well, my family and friends were deeply concerned. I was consoled and comforted, patted and hugged. They listened to my pathetic story and dried my endless tears and at the end of my dramatic tantrums they all said basically the



***"I was told that in time the pain would go away and at least I had my arms and legs, etc., etc. These things are all true, but so is the fact that there are sixty-four squares on a checkerboard . . ."***



same thing. I was told that in time the pain would go away and at least I had my arms and legs, etc., etc. These things are all true, but so is the fact that there are sixty-four squares on a checkerboard but you wouldn't say that to an emotionally distraught human being. And why not? It would be absurd.

What would they care? It would be absolutely meaningless.

These words, though true, did not lessen my pain, did not dry my eyes. Nothing eased my saddened thoughts. I didn't have the energy to exist. Happiness was out of the question and my emotions had run dry. And still I was told about "clouds with silver linings" and "rainbows after storms." Finally I'd had enough. I reached deep inside myself and with the last bit of energy I could summon I screamed. I screamed loud and long. I screamed right into the smiling face of my sister who by now had stopped in mid-sentence about better days ahead (that particular story I'd already heard twenty times in different variations). I asked her in less than cordial words, why everyone insisted on filling me up with useless verbiage. She simply smiled at me and said, "Hope. You have to possess hope to live. You, my sister, had given up yours, so I was giving you some of mine." (TIME cont on page 10)



# "The Anatomy of Love: A Physical Therapist's Perspective"

by Matthew Bustillos

*[ed. note: When Matt was a little tyke he proudly proclaimed that he wanted to be "Bozo" when he grew up. Having failed at that he settled on becoming a physical therapist. It's kind of a shame 'cause he really had the hairstyle for his first chosen profession. A recent CSULB grad, he really gets down to describing the muscles and glands of Love.]*



[ed. explanation: When I opened the envelope it didn't look at all like Matt's writing. I knew the profs at CSULB were tough, but to reduce my normally articulate younger brother to making miniature handprints and then trying to send the thing in as an article about the anatomy of Love was just a bit hard to swallow. This wasn't quite what I was expecting. But then I found out that the above handprint was that of his newly adopted two-week-old baby boy, David Matthew Bustillos. Matt then said, "You want to know something about the anatomy of Love? That little handprint pretty much sums it up." . . . Oh, by the way Matt, at less than a month old, little David has beaten you in having something published.]

X X X

(TIME continued from page 9)

Hope? Had I truly given it up? This cherished treasure which builds life? Had I intentionally refused to accept the one most important gift my loved ones could give me?

Suddenly, realization came crashing down upon me. What I had been hearing (but not listening to) during my temporary hell were not useless words but rather hope. And hope, in whatever form, is never useless.

In conclusion I would like to say, "All's well that ends well." I have since found yet another Mr. Right. My sister, however, just lost her job and is taking it rather hard. I told her, "Look on the bright side, you never liked that job anyway . . ."

[ed. note: If the truth were known, Pauline is almost always been on the giving end of the "she broke my heart and stomped that sucker flat" melody. But she thought it'd be fun to write the story from the other guy's point of view. Oh yeah, by the looks of the rock on her left hand it looks like the "Current Mr. Right" is planning on more than a temporary stay. Congratulations kids!] [ADI]

**"Sex & The Single Brain Cell:  
Sexual Ethics  
& The Resulting Internal Dialogues"**  
by Joe Bustillos

*[ed. note: A friend recently asked me how the dating scene was going. I was embarrassed to admit that things were going real well. She asked, "So how's this going to affect 'Sex & the Single Brain Cell'?" I told her that I didn't know, but I could get used to it if I had to. When I first began this column last June I never thought it'd become a "kiss & tell" sort of thing (mainly due to the lack of kissing going around) so I guess I should start by stating that the names have been misspelled in order to contrive the issues . . . ]*

*"He looked beneath his shirt today  
There was a wound in his flesh so deep and wide  
From the wound a lovely flower grew  
From somewhere deep inside."  
"The Lazarus Heart" by Sting*

December 1987

A blustery day on the campus of Cal State Fullerton, an ocean of attractive co-eds scurry about between classes. I'm sitting on a bench outside the Humanities building using the pretense that I'm here to read my biology assignment as my excuse for plopping myself here. I feel like I'm on the leading edge of a jetty in this colorful current of life. Stupid grin on my face, I can scarcely bring myself to read a single complete sentence of the text on my lap.

In a matter of 10 minutes the feminine armada passes and I find myself alone with six chapters of biology

still unread and a couple of militant squirrels who were bugging me for scraps (sounds like the title to a pop psychology book, "Militant Squirrels and Parades of Girls," or something like that). That was over much too quickly. My education has obvious not endowed me with the good sense to come in out of the rain when I can hardly afford to get wet.

In this ocean of life and seemingly limitless possibilities I am unnoticed. I am lonely and affection-starved. I'm in sexual limbo. With the waves of cute Levi mini-skirts rushing by, I'm without a true confidante,

which I guess is more important than this sense of physical isolation.

One of my buddies said that his celibacy was something that he has consciously chosen. But then he's Catholic, which makes him just a little militant about his sexual abstinence. He made insinuating comments about folks who say that they are celibate . . . for, like, lunch or on Tuesdays, or when the wind blows from the north. He's a serious Catholic (whatever the hell that means), he has a reason for not doing it. I guess I do too.  
(SEX cont on page 12)



(SEX continued from page 11)

AIDS and all aside (like AIDS is an aside, right?) what I'm alluding to is an idealism that I periodically entertain, something about ones sexual practices having some association with ones emotional attitude toward the object of ones pelvic thrustings (yeah, I could have been less graphic, but seeing that some haven't taken too kindly to my use of "colorful language" in previous columns I thought I'd try some "picture language" just for you). Where was I? Oh yeah, idealism and trying sex with someone you love. Yeah, I know it's a novel idea, but given my incredible success with the general dating scene I thought I'd push this puppy completely off the map. At least I'd have a commendable reason for being alone on a Saturday night.

Childish sulking aside, life has handed me enough "wonderful memories" for me to realistically consider the question: when is IT right and when is IT not right? (Was that fucking euphemistic enough for you?) Ah yes, sexual ethics (throw that phrase around at the next party you go to, either the feathers will fly or it'll be the last time you get invited to a party).

True to 1980's Southern California form, some friends have recited for me the proverbial, "Hey, 'if it feels good, do it.'" Right. Just tell me this: when does it not feel good? Buddy, that sounds suspiciously like technique, not ethics.

Anyway, I think the feelings that I have here are the lingering attitudes of a previous incarnation. What I mean is that I have staked out for myself a sexual ethic that requires an emotional relationship with the person who would be my lover (yeah, I know, dumb move). And given the great success that I've had in

establishing relationships with the women in my life it's understandable that my sexual self is getting just a little impatient with my emotional self. This internal dialogue is beginning to take on proportions of Samuel Beckett's "Waiting for Godot."

"So, how long?" I ask myself.

"When I'm good and ready," I defensively respond.

"How will you know when you're 'Ready'?" I chide myself.

There's a pause. I've never quite figured this part out. In fact, the truth of the matter is that I'm more likely to take advantage of whatever sexual opportunity that happens to present itself (quite dependent on the circumstantial willingness/availability/mood/horniness/etc of the other party) before I seriously consider whether I'm "ready" or not. You know, shoot first, ask questions later.

Of course, all of this reveals a rather unsightly hole in the fabric of my values and sexual ethics. I mean, I don't want to live like the horde of survivalistic animals who eat, drink, fornicate, flatus, sleep and eventually die (your friends and mine, the famed "cephalopods") without so much as tipping their hats to the eternal consciousness of our species. Sure, sexuality is physical (at least that's what I've been told by those who should know), all part and parcel with our identification as part of the animal kingdom. But our sexuality has the profound possibility of being something more than the hormonally controlled coupling of two dogs in the street.

(SEX continued on page 19)

## **"The Editor's Wild Hair: Following The Logic of 'Feelings'"**

by Joe Bustillos

*"Heart, why are you pounding like a hammer?  
Heart, why are you beating like a drum?  
Heart, why do you make such a commotion  
when I'm waiting for my baby to come?  
Oh heart, don't do it if it's not the real thing  
Heart, I get so easily deceived  
Heart, there is no other I can turn to  
if not you, heart, then who can I believe?"*

*"Heart" by Nick Lowe*

I vividly remember when it first happened. It was in the seventh grade when I walked up to Merrily Hinck and said, "Hi," and she said rather unfeelingly, "Oh, it's you." It's like I didn't even really know that it was there until it came crashing to the ground in front of God and everyone. Jesus, I thought, if this is what love feels like, I don't want any part of it.

I didn't mean that, of course, and have spent the intervening 17 years demonstrating it to no one in particular. But something very definitely changed after that first brush with emotional death.

Back at home, though I never once for a moment doubted my parent's love for me or my siblings, emotions, especially anger, seemed to be little more than Steven Spielberg pyrotechnics. Like the much feared nuclear holocaust, there would be a blinding flash of emotional light: my father would explode over some such reality of living with five children. My mother would then deploy her tactical arsenal. Another flash. Children running in every direction, vainly hoping to avoid becoming part of the scorched landscape. Then just as quickly as it had begun, it would be over. Father would be about his business and mother would continue hers. It all seemed to my childish

mind to be quite unnecessary.

So it only seems right that at one point in my life I hung around with a religious group that held to the philosophy that "feelings" could not be trusted. "Feelings, they come and go, but objective truth, now there's the ticket." Of course the objective truth that was being referred to here was the bible, the Scofield Reference Bible in the King James Version to be more specific. And Love, well that had something to do with some Greek word and God and Jesus dying and . . . (all of which of course made no sense whatsoever to my teenage mind, but who was I to scoff at the insights of my elders?).

I don't know why I always seem to use this column to take pot-shots at Evangelical Christianity (no doubt an unconscious attempt to pay them back for the emotional trauma and near fatal brain damage I experienced while getting my Bachelor of Arts degree in Biblical Studies). In fact, before this starts sounding too much like "Sex and the Single Brain Cell," I have to question the wisdom of attempting an article that would argue following the logic of emotions. I mean, either you understand it or you don't.

(WILDHAIR continued on page 14)



(WILDHAIR continued from page 13)

I guess it's just one of those things that pisses me off. While I was playing my little religious game, going to seminary and all, reading Kierkegaard's Either/Or, thinking about Pluralism and other "important issues," my own wife was suffering from emotional deprivation. Perhaps this isn't unusual for couples where one of the partners is working full-time while carrying 12 units of graduate school course work. It's called, "I love you, but I don't have any time for you;" A rather mixed message.

Quite inevitably she announced to me one day at lunch, rather unceremoniously, "You know, if you were just my boyfriend or if we were just living together, I'd leave you." I wasn't sure I wanted to look up from the book that I was reading. I knew it wouldn't be a pretty picture. This was not at all what I was expecting.

So off to counselling we went. A well meaning Christian friend told me about the horrendous percentage of couples who go to counselling and end up divorced. I think she was trying to caution me against the practice. Of course she failed to mention that no one goes to counselling because things are going great. Someone in the relationship has just about had it (a la, "if you were just my boyfriend . . .") and it's either this or the door. No doubt the percentage would be even greater had they not at least tried counselling. Still, it didn't sound very promising.

Once a week we'd arrive at the counsellor's office. She'd outline the gripes of the week and I'd patiently listen, mentally preparing my counter-arguments. Then the counsellor would turn to me and say, "So Joe, how do you feel about what she has said?"

"Well . . . ." Feel? Did he say "feel"? Most of the time I'd say something about the supposed logic behind my actions and nothing about my feelings. This went on for months. Then one day it dawned on me. It happened while she was complaining about her needing to use the Nissan, which had an air-conditioner, 'cause she had to wear nice clothes to work while me and my levi's could put up with the un-air-conditioned Toyota. When it came time for my little meaningless counter-argument I let it out. "You know," I said rather matter of factly, "if she was convinced of my love for her or that she was number one in my life, than none of this other shit would even matter." Opps. Did I say that? They both stared at me like one does when a toddler unexpectedly makes an adult-like observation.

"So Joe, how do you feel about her then?" It took another five months before I could clearly say how I felt. In view of the fact that I write a column called "Sex and the Single Brain Cell," it should be obvious that we were to become another statistic.

*"Oh heart, there must be no mistake  
Beware, special care, from the start  
Oh heart, though I'm glad  
for the first bit of love to have  
Be certain now, else you're gonna break  
Oh heart, motor of emotion  
you've never been like this before  
heart, at first I thought you were joking  
but I know deep down in you  
that you're sure."*

"Heart" by Nick Lowe

I realize that the above narrative is a rather odd way to set up an argument in favor of following the logic of feelings. Those that consider the concept to be little  
(WILDHAIR continued on page 18)

# **"The Apologist's Corner: Heavy Comprehension"**

by Joe Hinojosa

It was Einstein who said, "The most incomprehensible thing about the Universe is that it is comprehensible."<sup>1</sup> The obvious question begging to be asked is "From whence come comprehension?"<sup>2</sup>

Research physicist, Nigel Calder mentions in his book, *Einstein's Universe*, "To pretend that there is no religious element in this curiosity about the cosmos would be idle. . . . Religion as such may not come into it, but the religious urge<sup>3</sup> to find meaning in life certainly does."<sup>4</sup> Einstein referred to God as "the Old One."<sup>5</sup> He stated, "I believe in Spinoza's God who reveals himself in the harmony of all that exists."<sup>6</sup> Baruch Spinoza was a Jewish philosopher who believed: "The better you understood how the universe worked the closer you came to God."<sup>7</sup> This viewpoint is reminiscent of the Apostle Paul's, who wrote: "Ever since God created the world, his invisible qualities . . . are perceived in the things that God has made." (Rom 1:20 TEV)

British Astronomer Sir Fred Hoyle shows us good reason not to believe in an "eternal universe":

To avoid the issue of creation it would be necessary for all the material in the universe to be infinitely old, and this it cannot be for a very practical reason . . . there could be no hydrogen left in the universe . . . Hydrogen is being steadily converted into helium throughout the universe and this conversion is a one-way process. How comes it then that the universe consists almost entirely of hydrogen? If matter were infinitely old this would be quite impossible. So we see that the universe being what it is, the creation issue simply cannot be dodged.<sup>8</sup>

(APOLOGIST continued on page 16)

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<sup>1</sup>ed. note, this quote was made before Einstein married. After which the famed physicist is said to have never again muttered a word about the universe being comprehensible or rational.

<sup>2</sup>ed. note, the second most obvious question being from whence cometh the word "whence."

<sup>3</sup>ed. note, as well as several other urges . . .

<sup>4</sup>Nigel Calder, *Einstein's Universe*, Penguin Books, 1986, Reprint, pp. 228, 229.

<sup>5</sup>*ibid*, p. 230.

<sup>6</sup>*ibid*, p. 230.

<sup>7</sup>*ibid*, p. 230.

<sup>8</sup>C.F., "Logic and Contemporary Rhetoric," Howard Kamane, 1984, p. 167.



(APOLOGIST continued from page 15)

Theoretical physicist, Stephen W. Hawking gives us some further startling food for thought:

If, in the primordial fireball,<sup>9</sup> the expansion of the universe had differed by only one part in a million millionth from what it actually was, there would have been no possibility of the universe existing as we know it now. If the universe had expanded one million millionth part faster, then all the material in the universe would have been dispersed by now. And if it had been a million millionth part slower, the gravitational forces would have caused the universe to collapse. . . . Again, there would have been no long-lived stars and no life.<sup>10</sup>

Author John Gribbin criticizes the ancients for not anticipating the beginning of the universe: "The philosophers of centuries gone by could not have anticipated the existence of this background radiation . . . . But from the evidence of the dark night sky they could, and should have realized that there was indeed a beginning to the universe."<sup>11</sup>

Correct me if I'm wrong,<sup>12</sup> but I believe that the Pentateuch portion of the Septuagint version (conservatively dated 200 years before Christ)<sup>13</sup> mentions the material universe as having a "Beginning": en arche epoiesen ho theos ton ouranon kai ten gen ("In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth").

Perhaps there is more than just a "2000-year-old coincidence" here. My initial question: "From whence comes comprehension," could find its answer from a Divine rather than a natural source. Perhaps it is from this "Divine Source" that we draw the breath of life. From him we draw the capacity to love because He first loved us. Thought is derived from His consciousness. Speech, from His desire for fellowship. Conscience from His desire for compassion. Reason from His intelligence. Virtue, from His love for virtue. [ADI]

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<sup>9</sup>ed. note, research also indicates that many of today's apparent antinomies in physics are the result of the primordial fireball that was spewed into existence by a mythical feline known to the Ancients as "Phydeaux."

<sup>10</sup>The Encyclopedia of Space Travel and Astronomy, Crescent Books, 1985, pp 14, 15.

<sup>11</sup>i.e., from the fact that stars cannot burn their fuel forever. John Gribbin, In Search of the Big Bang, Bantam Books, 1986, p 116.

<sup>12</sup>ed. note, now how am I supposed to pass up this opportunity? But, in an unusual display of fairness, I suppose I should let him finish his statement before jumping in. Right?

<sup>13</sup>Ernst Würthwein, The Text of the Old Testament, Eerdmans, 1981, pp. 51-69.



(HEAD continued from page 2)  
and official panic prompted  
Thursday's search.

"I think it's been poorly handled,  
they jumped the gun," he said of  
Thursday's search.

Authorities reported finding building  
and zoning violations involved with  
the freezing operation that uses  
liquid nitrogen, and with procedures  
for disposing of body fluids.

Alcor failed to file for permits  
needed to use the liquid nitrogen and  
other operations, said Cicilia  
Lawson, a Riverside zoning inspector.

A cache of weapons and explosives,  
including hand grenades, was found at  
the site Cupido said. [ADI]

X X X

(HITLER continued from page 8)

Q: What do you think of all the  
pornographic material available  
today?

A: Our whole public life today is  
like a hothouse for sexual ideas and  
stimulations. Just look at the bill  
of fare served up in our movies,  
vaudeville and theaters, . . .  
Anyone who has not lost the ability  
to think into their soul must  
realize that this must cause great  
damage in the youth . . . Public  
life must be freed from the stifling  
perfume of our modern eroticism.

Q: What is your solution to squelch  
the spread of "social diseases"?

A: The first prerequisite for even  
the moral right to combat these  
things is the facilitation of  
earlier marriage for the coming  
generation. The first is the  
creation of an opportunity for early  
marriages as compatible with human  
nature--particularly for the man.

(HITLER continued on page 25)

(ROMANCE continued from page 7)  
came less often, but they were  
still hopeful. "Hey, Northern

*"I waited in my little red  
road-hugger in the MacDonald's  
parking lot watching James try to  
weave his Fairlane through the  
intersection to our first meeting.  
There was something symbolic in the  
way I winched as he plodded through  
traffic."*

Girl," the last one began, "Does  
your underwear still fit? Why  
don't you write me? God has been  
leading me into seeking studio work  
. . ."

Three days ago I did finally write.  
I felt an obligation to tell him,  
gently, that I got engaged last  
week. I strained for language he'd  
understand. "I think God wants you  
to have the gift of falling in  
love, too, when it's your turn. It  
makes all the difference, this  
falling in together." I paused,  
thinking of all the phantom lines  
I'd hurled at his blind zeal. But  
in the end I just signed my name.  
The need to win the argument had  
died somewhere.

So he'll get the letter today, and  
I've been half-expecting the phone  
to ring. These foggy Puget Sound  
days wrap a kind of stillness  
around everything. I find myself  
slipping trance-like into pondering  
the what-if's. But if I pay  
attention, I can hear the wind  
sighing through the old hemlock  
outside this window, as I happily  
enjoy my own divine romance. [ADI]



(WILDHAIR continued from page 14)

more than a dangerous dose of pop psychology will no doubt feel justified. But, like I wrote before, unless you understand the concept you'll have little appreciation for my argument (which is really no argument at all).

The reason for my sensitivity about this subject is no doubt the result of my own struggle with the concept of "feeling," starting with the amazingly disarming question: "what the fuck do I want out of life?" Laid out like a raw nerve, the question began to unravel the reasons why, two years ago, I would have recoiled at the idea of following feeling's leading.

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*"She said, 'You know, if you were just my boyfriend or if we were just living together, I'd leave you.' I wasn't sure I wanted to look up from the book that I was reading."*

---

Simply put, an anemic sense of self worth prevented me from thinking that I was an adequate judge for determining the meaning or direction of my own life. "What the fuck do I want out of life?" A simple question. But there was a silent yet pervasive lack of self-trust which perhaps extended personally and culturally to a time when authority figures were depended upon for making the decisions of life. And feelings were the luxuries of irresponsible youth and melancholic old age.

Just below the surface was an ancient belief that if I were left to my own devices, judging things on the basis of what I "want," I'd no doubt do damage to myself and evil

to my brothers and sisters. This was somewhat based on a twisted application of King David's repentant song and Solomon's words of advice: "But I am a worm and not a man, scorned by men and despised by the people. All who see me, mock me; they hurl insults, shaking their heads." (Psalm 22:6,7) "Trust in the LORD with all your heart and lean not on your own understanding; in all your ways acknowledge him, and he will make your paths straight." (Proverbs 3:5,6)

Not long after the news of my marital separation broke, my well meaning father strongly suggested that if I turned this dilemma over to Jesus than all of the fuzziness would clear up and I'd make the right decision. Perhaps. But equally possible was the proposition that I got into this situation because over the course of the last 14 years I'd "turned over" such situations to the Lord, in my own feeble way, and failed to read the writing on my own heart. Ha. How was God going to talk to me anyway except through my own heart?

A child no doubt lacks the common sense and self-discipline to negotiate the troubled waters of life without parental instruction and example but I have, for a long time, ceased being a child. And when I turned to the judgement bench of feelings I didn't find a power hungry madman bent on my own destruction or the lording over of the lives of my loved ones. Quite surprisingly I found a mirror image of myself, perhaps a little more insightful, perhaps a little more excitable, somewhat like a profile of ones self that until this very moment one has failed to even notice.

(WILDHAIR continued on page 19)



(WILDHAIR cont. from page 18)

I took feeling's leading and made some difficult decisions. Perhaps out an inability to read feeling's messages or like myself, out of a lack of trust, many fake their way from sun-up to the evening news thinking that this vague sense of dissatisfaction is all part of life. Life's a bitch and then you die. Right?

Someone once told me that there was more to it than that. Risking the possible dissolution of our marriage, she courageously challenged me to confess what I already knew about my feelings. Among other things, this difficult experience has shown me that feelings, whether acknowledged or ignored, have a way of making themselves known. [ADI]

X X X

(SEX continued from page 12)

On the opposite end of the spectrum, don't even bother me with beliefs that try to justify the panting and writhing and miscellaneous euphoric sensations by somehow engrafting the divine consciousness into the sex act (you know, "Sex 'cause God said so"). Excuse me for being such a prude but I'm more comfortable with one-to-one sex between humans. If a meta-physical menage-a-trois is your cup of tea . . . (just don't confuse the children with your religious kinkiness). True, I have to confess that I've mentioned the Divine Name while engaged in the panting and writhing and miscellaneous euphoric sensations, but if anything it was an unconscious expression of gratitude for this decidedly human experience.

"So, how long?" I ask myself again.

Pause. "I really don't know," I have to answer in all honesty.

January 1988

So I was expecting good things from 1988 (I mean, the way '87 kind of passed out as it crossed the finish line, anything would have been an improvement), but I didn't quite expect them to begin on New Year's Eve. I mean, what better way to begin a year than with a heavy dose of infatuation (and infatuation that wasn't unrequited at that!)? Can it be?

Beginning like many a notorious Bustillos social excursion, I

wasn't too surprised on New Year's Eve when I arrived solo at the designated party place, a club in Anaheim called the BandStand, to find that out of the hundreds of partyers in attendance, I didn't recognize a single soul. And my anxiety was little alleviated as the clock edged towards eleven. I began to wonder if my pals from the health spa hadn't changed their plans and stiffed me. Thoughts of going home to witness the count-down with good ol' Dick Clark

began to seem more appealing to me than making another circuit around this sea of strangers.

"One more time around the room," I thought to myself. I couldn't even motivate myself enough to invest in an over-priced watered-down Long Island Ice Tea. Now that's bad. Ha. Even my "Disneyland friend" said she'd be there. But she was no where to be seen (should I have been surprised?).

(SEX cont. on page 20)



(SEX continued from page 19)

But just when it seemed blackest (around a quarter past eleven) the merry group of familiar New Year's Eve revellers made a serpentine line through the thick crowd, heading in my direction. Steve and Pam, Emanuel and Terry, Van and Ushee (however the hell she spells her name), Mutt and Jeff, Black and White, Red and Green, Off and On, In and Out . . . you get the idea, they were all there; plus at least one surprise. . .

"What are you doing here?" she asked me as she gave me a deep hug, "I didn't know you were going to be here." I hadn't seen this dark-haired beauty since last summer at Emanuel's birthday party. And to think, I had been contemplating cutting out to see if Dick Clark was going to pass himself off as Baby New Years for the fiftieth plus straight time.

She and I managed some small talk over the pounding music about the new place she'd moved into and the party her 10-year-old son's babysitter was putting on for the kids. Giving up on the inaudible conversation I periodically looked over at her and found her smiling at me. I finally got around to

asking her if she wanted to dance. She said sure and took my hand when I led her to the dance floor.

Long full mane of curly brown hair, mischievous animated brown eyes, the svelte athletic body of a cycling and aerobic workout devotee; I thought about last summer, the attraction was there and I had debated with myself about whether I should ask her for her phone number. In a rare display of reasoning I had decided against it 'cause I didn't feel the time was quite right (talk about articulate reasoning . . .). But now, I simply smiled at my good fortune. The touch of her hand seemed to wipe away all of the bitching and complaining that I had filled 1987 with.

But then, I had recently heard through the grapevine that she had been spending a significant amount of time on the phone with one of our party. So when she and I got on the dance floor I kept an eye peeled for those subtle signals that I was moving in on someone else's territory (you know, the whispered death threats and glaring hateful stares). But her date-by-assumption

was happily contented dancing with every other woman in the place, so I figured I'd received bum information.

With the coming of midnight, there was a bit of an awkward moment. Surrounded with energetic examples of affection and profound lust, I resisted the temptation of a kiss and gave her a simple hug (the Ghost of my "Disneyland friend" harboring my memories, no doubt). After the other couples disengaged themselves from their lip-locks all of us exchanged hugs and handshakes to greet in the New Year. That concluded she and I danced the night away. This was becoming quite unbelievable. I was actually having a great time.

On the fast songs she actually followed my steps (which never happens in the world of detached dating and dancing). Then after the first set of slow songs she made a rather appreciative comment about how closely I held her as we danced. When the fast numbers kicked back in she asked rather breathlessly if I wanted to continue dancing (which, using (SEX cont on page 21)



(SEX continued from page 20)

the McConnell method of interpreting obviously innocent gestures, might have indicated an interest in continuing the close contact in a more private setting, then again . . . naw, I wasn't misreading her signals). Having apparently achieved the "erotic higher ground," I elected to continue dancing.

After the DJ kicked us all out at around 2 a.m., I drove her back to her car and asked her if she wanted to go to breakfast or something. She smiled and said that there was an all-night Norm's around the corner from where she lived (which turned out to be on the other side of town in Costa Mesa).

At breakfast we exchanged life-stories and she invited me to come over. In an obvious effort to make it look like she wasn't being too forward she added, "I have two bedrooms" (one being for her ten-year-old son, who was away at the babysitter's for the night). I said, "Oh boy, can I sleep on the top bunk?" Under normal circumstance that one phrase would have spelled the end of any erotic encounter. But heck, it was New Year's Eve and she seemed willing to put up with my kidding.

Using the pretense of watching some TV we snuggled up on her couch. Then at a rather random moment I leaned over and kissed her. She mumbled between kisses that my talents were obviously not limited to dancing. It appeared that we weren't going to be needing the services of the second bedroom that night.

When I woke the glowing morning sun was happily smiling through the curtains of her bedroom window. I kissed her and then quietly got up and dressed. Stupid grin permanently fixed on my face, I drove home and thought, "Ah the beauty of infatuation, I lift my empty beer bottle to thee, visit me often and happily this new year!"

Two Week Later . . .

"Be still my beating heart/It would be better to be cool/It's not time to be open just yet/A lesson once learned is so hard to forget/Be still my beating heart/Or I'll be taken for a fool. . . I sink like a stone that's been thrown in the ocean/My logic has drowned in a sea of emotion/Stop before you start/Be still my beating heart. . . "Be Still My Beating Heart" - Sting

Early Sunday morning. The ten-year-old, who had been sleeping in her bedroom, woke up startled by the wind and the rain. He wandered into the living room where she and I had made uncomfortable sleeping arrangements, to announce that we were having another earthquake. Vainly I pulled the blankets over my head. Radio and TV came on in an effort to reassure him that it was nothing. He sat and listened while she got up to retired to her room. I stayed on the couch (why get up and join her when I can stay here, naked under my blanket and watch Sunday morning cartoons with him? I mean, wasn't that why I was there?).

Any self-respecting romance novelist would have ended the story on the morning of New Year's Day (or at least soon afterward, while the glow of infatuation still shone). The curtain would have come down, the audience would have been satisfied, the author well paid for his services. But then I guess I have a decidedly twisted knack for peeking under the curtain in order to watch the "happy couple" grapple (SEX cont. on page 22)



(SEX continued from page 21)

with the responsibilities of their emotions and desires. Hey man, ain't that what life's all about?

I faded in and out, semi-consciously deciding on whether to watch another Donald Duck cartoon, go back to sleep or get up and take a shower. I finally opted to get dressed while the ten-year-old took the couch pillows that had been piled on the floor and made a fort. My sleep-walking lover made her way back to the living room and settled herself into my newly vacated blankets on the couch. She asked me if I wanted breakfast. Sure, I said. She told the ten-year-old to show me where everything was (I guess she wasn't about to get up). He whined that there wasn't any more milk. So breakfast ended up consisting of one navel orange.

Something had obviously happened between our New Year's Eve kiss and the one navel orange breakfast. Well actually a lot had happened. Like the nondescript sense of euphoria that got me started down this path, I was now aware of a nondescript sense that something wasn't right. Again, there was an internal debate going

on between my emotions and my libido (the latter one thinking that we had finally landed in heaven).

"What do you mean something's wrong?!" my sexual self angrily asked. "As far as I can tell, everything's just great."

"No, no. You don't understand," my emotional self, who was beginning to sound too much like Woody Allen, tried to explain.

"No, you're the one that doesn't understand. Every time something good starts happening, you get to thinking that something must be wrong!"

"No, it's more complicated than that."

"The only thing that's complicated about this is that you're always sticking your fucking head where it doesn't belong."

"My point exactly!"  
Pause. . .

"Uh oh . . . so what do we do now?" This little dialogue took about seven days to finally arrive on the surface of my facial expressions. This of course complicated the process by bringing another personality into the dialogue, my sleepwalking lover.

"So what's your problem?" she angrily asked me over the phone.

"What, you wanna list?" That did little to alleviate the tension. What was I going to tell her? That I had changed my mind? That I didn't like the shoes she wears? That I wasn't ready to handle the responsibility of a relationship with a woman who has a ten-year-old son and a shaky financial future? I was beginning to think that now would be a good time to strangle my sexual self. Then I realized that that wouldn't have produced the desired effect.

"You know," she interrupted my thought, "I guess I was just beginning to forget that I just can't trust anyone."

That hurt. My romantic predecessor had been an apparent womanizing son-of-a-bitch, who did very little for her sense of trust, only being available at his convenience and very secretive about his other social involvements. And my little emotional hiccup had put me in the land of the shitheads.  
(SEX cont. on page 23)



(SEX continued from page 22)

God damn it, I tried to do what I could to understand my feelings and be honest about them. Sorry it took a whole two weeks to come to this conclusion. And she just dumped it all into a kind of generic emotional bin marked "more reasons for not trusting men." Perhaps I tried too hard to not repeat my predecessor's mistake and scrutinized the relationship too early. Things appeared to me to be in such either/or categories that I knew that I couldn't make the commitment. Of course that's not the way she saw it. So I became one among many wishy-washy assholes who had let her down. She said goodnight and hung up the phone not anticipating that I would ever call her again.

"Way to go, asshole," my sexual self remarked.

"I had to say something. At least now you can sleep at night," my emotional self offered.

"Hey, sleeping at night was never one of my problems."

"Yeah, I know." [ADI]

X X X

#### A PARTING THOUGHT: "THE MAN OF STEEL"

by Pat Terry

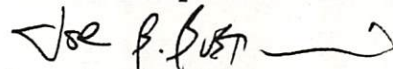
"It's a typical day for the man of steel a little happy and a little bit sad That seems like a reasonable way to feel for a man in a world gone mad. . . He used to feel funny 'bout feeling sad/He saw it as a sign of weakness/Now he takes his portion of the good and bad/and he prays he can make a difference. 'Cause there's a poor man begging for a crust of bread/on a hard mean street downtown/And there's a rich woman sewing with golden thread/on the train of her wedding gown. And the man of steel has a tear in his eye for the homeless one/And the man of steel has a lump in his throat for the owner of love/And the man of steel has hope in heart for anyone/who can see both sides and still decide to carry on. . ."

(DRIBBLE cont. from page 2)

college papers feature. But I personally don't have the capital to print up the number copies necessary to compete against the semi-big boys. So I shall most likely do the next best thing---get a job on the college paper and write lifeless dribble like no ones business.

Like I wrote in the first issue, this has been fun. I hope "it was good for you too." As soon as Gibran remembers what the combination is to the wall-safe, we'll be more than willing, upon request, to reimburse those hearty group of subscribers who didn't get their full six issues. If there is anyone out there that thinks they've received six issues please contact this office immediately---We have an editorial job for you that has just opened up.

I'd like to thank Joe Hinojosa for his Friday night calls and stories about his gun-nut friends, Pauline Cendejas for forgiving me for writing "bullshit" when she really meant "baloney," Ed McConnell for babysitting me when I had nothing to do on those many Friday nights, my family for not disowning me for all the dirty laundry I've aired, Kim Bustillos for staying my friend, and my "Disneyland friend" and "sleep-walking lover" for giving me something to write about. This issue is dedicated to the promise of Love and the happiness of Friendship. Thanks.



Joe Bustillos  
Publisher/Editor [ADI]